

“Father, where shall I work today?”

*I asked a rainbow, and it said I was gaudy.
I asked a butterfly, and it said I was fickle.
I asked a tree, and it said that I was lifted up in pride.*

*The Messiah came, not preaching gilt-edged sermons
like some gifted red-necked cleric swathed in rich Geneva robes
might preach to formal flock in furs and diamonds
but walking down a dusty road to lift some godless sufferer
above some little roadside hell
and set his soul among the clouds!*

*Father, where shall I work today?
And my love flowed warm and free.
Then He pointed me out a tiny spot, and said,
“Tend that for me.”
I answered quickly, “Oh, no! Not that!
Why, no one would ever see,
no matter how well my work was done.
Not that little place for me!”*

*And the word He spoke, it was not stern.
He answered me tenderly.
“Ah, little one, search that heart of yours.
Are you working for them or me?”
Nazareth was a little place, and so was Galilee.*